

Your Time's Your Own While Baking With A



Glenwood

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Reynolds & Son, Barre

A NOVEL CONTEST

By EDWARD TOWNE.
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Captain Crofton of the sealer *Benicia Boy*, cruising in Berling sea, was in a quandary. Among his crew were Dick Turner, a southerner, and Olat Jacobson, a Swede. These two men's dispositions partook of the climates in which they had been reared, Turner's being fiery, Jacobson's peaceful. Turner had taken a dislike to Jacobson and let no opportunity slip to injure or annoy him. Unfortunately for Jacobson, Turner was a strong man thirty years old, while the object of his dislike was a youth of eighteen. Turner could easily thrash Jacobson, and as for more serious weapons than fists, the southerner was sufficiently skilled either with the pistol or the fowl to poke a hole in the northerner without any risk whatever to himself.

Captain Crofton knew about the trouble, and it caused him serious annoyance. No commander likes to have these under his fighting among themselves. It diverts their attention from their duties and interferes with their efficiency. The captain had remonstrated with Turner, directing him to let the boy alone. Turner declared that it was Jacobson who was making all the trouble.

One day when Turner and Jacobson were sitting opposite each other at the mess table Turner thrust his legs over on to Jacobson's side. Jacobson in a mild voice asked him to remove them. Turner kept his legs where they were, giving Jacobson a look as much as to say, "What are you going to do about it?" Jacobson raised his cowardly foot and brought his boot heel down on Turner's instep. Both rose from the table, but were not permitted by their messmates to come together. Turner sent one of the crew to Jacobson with a challenge to fight in any way he chose, Turner offering to submit to any handicap to equalize differences.

This fracas having been reported to the captain, he sent for Jacobson to come to his cabin. "Do you wish to fight Turner?" asked the commander. "Yes, sir." "Well, I will permit the affair to take place on one condition." "What is that, sir?" "I to name the weapons." "Do you propose something harmless, like feather dusters?" "Not at all. I shall name weapons to kill." "Very well, sir. I will leave the terms to you."

"Send a message to Turner that you will fight him tomorrow morning at two bells and say that the weapons will be provided."

Jacobson left the captain without further inquiry as to the nature of the weapons with which he was to fight and sent his acceptance of Turner's challenge. The news spread among the crew that there was to be a meeting between Turner and Jacobson the next morning with the captain's sanction. Great interest was manifested as to the kind of weapons to be used, but on this point there was no information forthcoming. The next morning at two bells the combatants left the fore-castle and went on deck. They found two sets of hose attached to the ship's pumps with an inch nozzle on each lying on the deck twenty paces apart. "Cap'n's orders is," said the quartermaster, "them's the weapons—cold water for ammunition."

It may be supposed this meant that the affair was to be turned into a joke. The men who stood looking on knew that such was not the case. Not a man there but would rather have faced a sword or a pistol than ice water in a temperature of 20 degrees below zero. Turner looked at the weapons and shuddered. Jacobson looked at them and took heart. He saw at once that the captain had given him a great advantage. A northerner, he was used to the cold and could at least stand such a bath better than his antagonist. He picked up his nozzle and stood ready for the fray. Turner took up his with evident reluctance. Then the word was given, the principals turned the spigot, and the battle was on.

Jacobson received the first impact of the water without any apparent shrinking. At home in Sweden he had been accustomed to go in the morning to a river flowing near his home, break the ice and take his dip. Turner, on the contrary, winced. He had been used to bathing when at home in water between 70 and 80 degrees. Nevertheless he was in for it. He clenched all his resolution to endure the cold.

There were no rounds, as in a pugilistic contest. It was understood that each man was to stand up and receive his cold bath till he was either frozen or surrendered. Turner knew that if beaten he would be a cowed man; Jacobson understood that if he could put his enemy out of the fight he would conquer a peace. Both were good pluck. Turner's lips turned blue, and he was shivering; Jacobson drew in long breaths of oxygen and stood steady. In a few minutes Turner's nose dropped from his hand. He stooped to pick it up, but Jacobson poured a stream in his face, and he couldn't see it. Presently he got his hands on it, but the fingers were numb, and Jacobson soon knocked it again out of his grasp. He stood the stream for a moment, then turned back to it and fled.

That was the end of his persecution of Jacobson.

A THIRTY CENT WAR

This is a story of Delhi and the thirty-cent war.

A traveling tinker was the prime cause of the war, though he was innocent of intent. He came along to the house of Deacon Hooker one day and asked for pots and pans to mend. One of the ewe troughs on the house had been leaking for months, and the deacon told the tinker to go ahead and fix it. The bill was 30 cents. The tinker was to call at the deacon's gristmill after dinner and get his money. He called, and he got it, and he found Elder James Davis there settling up an account. The elder had a farm just outside the village, and he sold produce to the deacon and settled up once a month. This was settlement day. The elder was paid his bill with the exception of 30 cents. The tinker moved on, the elder moved on, and the deacon went to work, and peace and good will reigned until next settlement day. Then the elder good naturedly remarked that there was 30 cents coming to him. The deacon good naturedly denied it.

These two good men had been friends for years. They were both pillars in their respective churches. Their reputations could not have been better. You would have thought that over such a small matter as 30 cents one or the other would have given way, and yet we all know that it is the little things that make the biggest row. When we come down to a two-cent dispute we call it a matter of principle. Those two men argued about that 30 cents until they lost their tempers. The elder said he would sue for it, and the deacon said the elder had turned to the gun game in his old age. Neither one of them remembered the tinker. In less than a day the village of Delhi was stirred. Inside of two days it was taking sides. Within a week war was declared all around. "Yes, sir, I paid him that 30 cents," Deacon Hooker was explaining. "I gave him three ten-cent pieces, and if that doesn't make 30 cents then I can't count. We'd got all figured up on the bill when I turned to him and says: 'Elder, it's all correct, and I owe you 30 cents on the last settlement. Here it is. It's powerful good weather for this time of year.'"

And the elder was explaining: "The deacon, he was owing me 30 cents on the last settlement, and as he didn't say anything about it I thought it had slipped his mind. I waited awhile and then said: 'Deacon, don't you remember, there was 30 cents my due when we settled up last?'

"That's what I said to the deacon, and I smiled as I said it. But what does he do but say he paid it over—yes, sir, says he paid me three ten-cent pieces. I thought the deacon was an honest man, but I can't think so any longer. I've said I'd sue, and I guess I shall."

There had always been some question about Deacon Hooker having the right to throw a mill dam across the creek to furnish water power for his mill. The matter was now gone into by a lawyer, and it was found that he was a trespasser and must tear down his dam. Elder Davis had lately built a new horse barn. Some folks said it trespassed on the public street. Deacon Hooker went at it and showed that it did, and it had to be forced back.

Elder Hackett was in love with the Widow Spooner. In fact they were engaged. Ems took one side of the controversy and the widow the other, and that marriage didn't come off. She said that Ems was opinionated, and he said she was a bigot. It was only one of half a dozen cases. Three or four suits for assault and battery grew out of the case, and dogs and hogs and chickens which had been allowed to prowl everywhere now provided at the peril of their lives. Merchants had to take sides, and when they did the other side refused to trade with them. Progress, harmony and neighborly feeling simply went to the dogs.

And then after a long time—after all the damage had been done—along comes that traveling tinker with his old white horse and his old shaggy cart. It was the hour for the mail to reach the postoffice, and a crowd of men was there. The tinker drove up and stopped, and seeing Deacon Hooker in the crowd, he called out: "Hey, deacon, anything to mend to-day?"

"I believe not," was the reply. "Did that ewe trough leak since?" "What ewe trough?" "Why, the one I fixed when I was along here last. I guess it's two years or more ago. You gave me 30 cents for the job, you know."

"I-I did," gasped the deacon as he turned pale. "Yes, down to your mill, you know—three times, and one of 'em was so smooth I could hardly get set of it." A dozen men heard the words and solved the puzzle. In half an hour it was clear to all the village. "By gosh!" said Deacon Hooker. "Didn't I say so?" exclaimed Elder Davis.

But they didn't make up. It was a matter of principle with them. Today Delhi is full of empty houses and dead business places, and the landlord of the rickety old tavern will explain to you: "A matter of 30 cents did what an earthquake couldn't have done. Got to charge you 50 cents for your dinner as a matter of principle."

MR. TAFT ON SOCIALISM

The "Issue Which Is Soon to Come"

PRESIDENT AT JACKSON

Says We Have Had No Greater Problem in the History of the Country. Republican Party One to Deal with It.

Jackson, Mich., June 6.—President Taft Saturday proclaimed socialism as the great problem which confronts the American people, the issue which is soon to come and which must be skillfully met. By its history, he declared, the Republican party had shown itself capable of dealing with great questions effectively and wisely, and he predicted that the American people must soon determine whether they shall trust the same party with the solution of "that problem, than which we have had no greater in the history of the country."

The president disclaimed any purpose of making a partisan speech, but the occasion of his visit here was the unveiling of a bronze tablet commemorating the organization of the Republican party "under the stars" in 1854, and he could not altogether refrain from a comparison of the party with its opponents, which was not altogether favorable to the opponents.

The president's reference to socialism came at the conclusion of a brief history of what the Republican party had done. He said: "For the future I shall say nothing, because you would say I was making a political speech. All I can say is that the issue that is being framed, as it seems to me, is the issue with respect to the institution of private property. There are those who charge to that institution the corporate abuses, the greed and the corruption that grow out of these abuses, the unequal distribution of property, the poverty of some and the undue wealth of others, and therefore say: 'We will have none of it, and we must have a new rule of distribution that for want of a better name shall be called socialism.' On the other hand, it is contended that it is not the institution of private property that should be abolished, but only that the time has come in which it is necessary to lay down certain rules restricting and regulating the use of that private property which shall not deprive the world of individual effort, but which shall keep the law and the opportunity to use private property under such control that these abuses may be wiped out and the boon of individual effort shall be left to us."

"Now, my friends, that presents a great and difficult problem that I am quite willing to admit we have not yet solved, and the question which the country will have to determine after all is which party has heretofore shown sufficient skill and effectiveness in dealing with great issues, which party can be trusted to solve that problem, than which we have had no greater in the history of the country."

Mr. Taft in the open air at Keely park, to a grandstand filled with a throng that gave him a demonstrative welcome, said in part: "We have to have parties in a republic, and party government means that a majority or minority unite to support certain principles of government and to put them in force and agree that they will yield up to their views on details and principles of less importance and unite on the great principles and follow the party in the course which, by a majority vote, it lays down as the proper course to take. Unless you do that, you are going to have a government by groups, by parties less than majorities, and the Lord knows where your government will be or how much it will accomplish."

"One of the characteristics of the Republican party is its ability to do things. Now, I do not say that as an idle boast, but if you can point to a party in England or a party in the United States that has had the issues to meet that the Republican party has met and that has met them with the success and effectiveness of the Republican party, I would be glad to have you name it."

The president divided his day between Monroe and Jackson. At Monroe he spoke at the unveiling of the statue of General George Armstrong Custer.

TAKES RADISH SEEDS FOR PILLS.

Bibber Puts Both in One Pocket and Swallows the Wrong One.

Hammond, Ind., June 6.—A. A. Bibber bought a package of liver pills recently and carried it in his vest pocket. Soon after Congressman E. D. Cram-packer sent Bibber a package of early radish seeds. Waiting for good weather in which to plant the seeds, Bibber stuck them also in his vest pocket. He couldn't tell them apart. His condition got serious before he found he was taking radish seed for liver pills. Bibber is now against the government providing congressmen with seeds for constituents.

ANOTHER WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Black Duck, Minn.—"About a year ago I wrote you that I was sick and could not do any of my housework. My sickness was called Retroflexion. When I would sit down I felt as if I could not get up. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and did just as you told me and now I am perfectly cured, and have a big baby boy."

Mrs. ANNA ANDERSON, Box 19, Black Duck, Minn.

Consider This Advice. No woman should submit to a surgical operation, which may mean death, until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made exclusively from roots and herbs, a fair trial. This famous medicine for women has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cures female ill, and creates radiant, buoyant female health. If you are ill, for your own sake as well as those you love, give it a trial.

Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

Party Dress For Young Girl.

A party dress for a young girl or small woman is developed in pastel rose crepe de chine. The décolletage is edged with lace and simply embroidered with self-colored silk. A plaited yoke of white mousseline may be worn if you do not care for a low neck. A band of embroidery in rose and gold trims the bodice and sleeves, and a



THE COST OF THIS DRESS IS \$10.25.

Rose satin girle finishes the waist. The tunic is of soft color chiffon caught each side at the bottom in a soft knot and finished with little stuffed balls of the crepe de chine. This under skirt is slightly pulled. This will require:

4 yards crepe de chine, 30 inches, 75 cents	1.00
1 yard chiffon, double width	1.00
1 yard satin ribbon, 30 cents	.25
2 yards embroidery, 25 cents	.50
2 yards lace edging, 10 cents	.20
Findings	.25
Total	\$10.25

It is stated that the renegeing of the Guatemalan debt in New York provides for placing the country on a gold basis and the establishment of a central bank in Guatemala City. Large quantities of china clay are exported from Swansea to the United States for the manufacture of chinaware, etc. The white clay found is not exactly china clay, but is suitable for the manufacture of pottery, pipes and tiles for flooring, also for the ordinary cup and saucer.

DENIES ALL RUMORS

Nicaraguan Government Will Not Admit Report

OF INSURGENT VICTORY

President Madriz Makes a Public Denial of the Rumors That His Troops Have Been Defeated.

Managua, Madriz, June 6.—Reports of alleged insurgent victories at Bluefields and Rama have been filtering into Managua, and these, coupled with the movements of the Nicaraguan forces under Generals Lara, Golez and Chavarra, have occasioned some temporary alarm among the adherents of the government.

President Madriz yesterday deemed it advisable to issue an official denial of these reports, and at the same time he intimated that if the government had only the insurgents to deal with it would have crushed the revolution long ago. In his statement the president says: "The report of General Chavarra's defeat is absolutely false. For purely military reasons, his column, which was operating against Rama, was ordered to fall back on Muelle de Los Boyeros, where it arrived yesterday, perfectly equipped with all military stores."

"Owing to the difficulty of transporting provisions to the troops operating at Bluefields, because of the heavy rains, General Lara's and General Golez's columns were ordered to retire on El Amador."

"Our military position is entirely advantageous, as results will very shortly show. If Bluefields were only defended by the revolutionists, we would have captured it long ago."

In accordance with a determination recently expressed to put down the revolutionary movement, President Madriz has issued orders looking to the recruiting of soldiers in all the western provinces, and this work is being pushed forward with the utmost energy, with the intention of sending reinforcements to the troops now at the front.

WOMAN SHOTS FIANCEE.

Then Kills Herself, as the Result of a Quarrel.

Quincy, Mass., June 6.—James E. Shannon was shot three times just outside a crowded dance hall at Hough's neck at 10:30 Saturday night by Ella Lawson, who then turned the revolver into her left breast, which caused her death 10 minutes later.

Shannon was taken to the Quincy hospital, where he is in a critical condition. Shannon and Miss Lawson were both young and had been seen often in each other's company for several months. They were thought to be engaged.

He is 27 years old and she was 24. Shannon lives at 60 Otis street, Cambridge, and Miss Lawson resided in Charlestown.

Shannon had been wandering about Boston all the evening, evidently followed by Miss Lawson. She left the 10:30 train after him at Quincy, and boarded the same electric car to Hough's neck.

Shannon was on the way to his cottage at 120 Winthrop street, Hough's neck. He did not know she was trailing him through Boston and down to Hough's neck.

When he alighted from the car, she, too, got off—just in front of the dance hall. She opened fire on him.

She made a sudden movement toward a hidden pocket, whipped out a revolver, and before anyone near realized what was happening she pulled the trigger. In a moment there was a wild confusion. Two girls fainting were dragged away by escorts; others fled in all directions, while scores more came pouring out from the dance hall to see what had happened.

The spot where the shooting occurred was well lighted by arc lights, and as Shannon sank to the ground Miss Lawson put the revolver closer and fired twice more. All the shots took effect in his stomach.

"Well, I've done it at last," were the words those nearby heard her say. Then she put the revolver against her breast and fired twice, staggered to the street and tottered about 50 yards up the road behind a house, where she was found lying unconscious. She was brought back to the dance hall, but died within 10 minutes.

In the meantime, Shannon's brother, Joseph S. Shannon, a patrolman on the Cambridge police force, had been notified and left for Quincy in an auto.

Patrolman George Phillips had been attracted by the confusion and notified the Quincy police. Sergeant Barry was in charge and to save the four-mile drive for the patrol wagon, he ordered them to bring Shannon to Quincy in an auto which was found. There Drs. Hunting and Gordon probed for the bullets, but were unable to locate them Saturday night.

Shannon and Miss Lawson had been going about together for some time. That the tragedy was anticipated was shown by the revolver which the girl carried. Both were popular in Cambridge and Charlestown, and they had many mutual friends at Hough's neck among the summer colony.

FEAR GIRL IS HELD A PRISONER.

Suddenly Disappears While On Way to Church.

New York, June 6.—Wearing her confirmation suit, Marian Fay, 12, left her home in West Fourth street Friday on her way to the Church of the Sacred Heart.

She did not return home and to-day detectives are looking for her in the belief that she has been stolen and held a prisoner, or that she has been murdered and her body concealed in some cellar.

Marian Fay is the second girl who has disappeared within the last few days. The police are also seeking Helen Sullivan, 8 years old, who vanished on Wednesday on her way home from school.

She is reported to have been seen in a moving-picture theatre with a veiled woman, who seemed anxious to keep out of sight.

Extract from *Westerly*, R. T. Sum. Thursday, Aug. 26, 1909.

"DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER."

A Woman and a Medicine that Have Made good.

Almost two years ago when "Doctor's Daughter" first put forth her medicine on the market few would have dared predict the wonderful sale which it has met with.

Starting with a practically unknown preparation but rightly naming it Stomach-Rite, Doctor's Daughter made a tour of New England, stopping at the leading drug stores in the large cities, where she met the people and introduced her medicine.

Her implicit faith was soon rewarded, for people who tried the remedy finding that it did the work, and was all that it was represented to be, told their friends, and so on, until now Stomach-Rite is rated the leading and largest selling medicine of its kind in New England, while mail orders are sent to Europe, Canada, our island possessions, and all over the United States.

Those who remember the kind of treatment and medicine given out by Doctor's Daughter's father, Dr. John Wilbur, and grandfather, Dr. William H. Wilbur, will easily understand why Stomach-Rite Sells. The quality is there.

Burt H. Wells is making a special feature of this medicine.

YOUNG GIRL RUNS A FARM.

Unique Experience of a Sixteen-year-old Lass of New Jersey.

Sixteen-year-old Edna L. Bittling is the youngest farmer in the United States and is considered one of the most expert students of agriculture in New Jersey. She has taken complete charge of Hillside farm, at Harborton, N. J., a property owned by her uncle. The farmers of the state call her the girl wonder and admit that Hillside is one of the most prosperous farms in New Jersey.

Although Miss Bittling has only recently taken complete control, she has assisted her uncle for several years. Her father offered to pay the expenses of a college course, but the girl preferred farming to college life and insisted on helping her uncle.

While at school she passed her vacations with her uncle and soon was able to do the work of a man. She was not satisfied with the knowledge of the laborious part of the work, but took a deeper interest in agriculture and is now considered such an expert that farmers in the vicinity seek her advice.

It is an interesting sight to watch a pretty girl, neatly dressed, giving orders to and overseeing the work of a corps of farm hands, some of whom have been engaged on farms for more than a quarter of a century.

"I wouldn't live in a city if I were given a fortune," declared the girl after she assumed control. "If city girls only knew how sweet country life is they would yearn for it. I intend to make farming my life work, as I think it is as important as some of the professions girls now engage in. Agriculture is dry to read about, but when you have theory and practice combined there is nothing more interesting. My parents do not wish me to become a farmer, but I prefer it to anything else and will visit a city only when absolutely necessary."

Miss Bittling has always been considered an unusually bright girl, and she maintained a high standard while attending school. When she declined to enter an agricultural college she said she could master farming from books without further instruction. That she has succeeded even beyond her own expectations she admits and is delighted over the fact.

As a result of observations made while with the Shackleton antarctic expedition an Australian geologist has decided that at one time there was practically continuous land from Australia to the south pole, much of it covered with pine forests.

It has been shown by a physician who has made a study of the effects of roller skating that excessive indulgence in this sport frequently results in flat feet, defective development of the leg muscles and impairment of the gait and carriage of the body.

Housewives in Australia are wrestling with the servant problem. Their advertisements make interesting reading. One offers "plenty of outings," another throws out the bait of "Sundays free," while a third one goes better with "Saturday afternoons and Sundays off."

A new move is about to be made in the introduction of woolen clothing for the modern drilled army of China, and this may possibly prove the first step toward the more general adoption of woolen clothing throughout the country, a result which followed the same action in Japan.

Ceresota Flour

makes the bread that guards health



R&G CORSETS

A model for every figure.